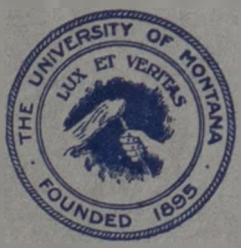
5-1926

The Frontier, May 1926

Harold G. Merriam

The FRONTIER

A Literary Magazine



AMONG OTHERS

Winning Montana Interscholastic Essay.
Going to Kuliang
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MAY, 1926

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VOL. VI NO. 3

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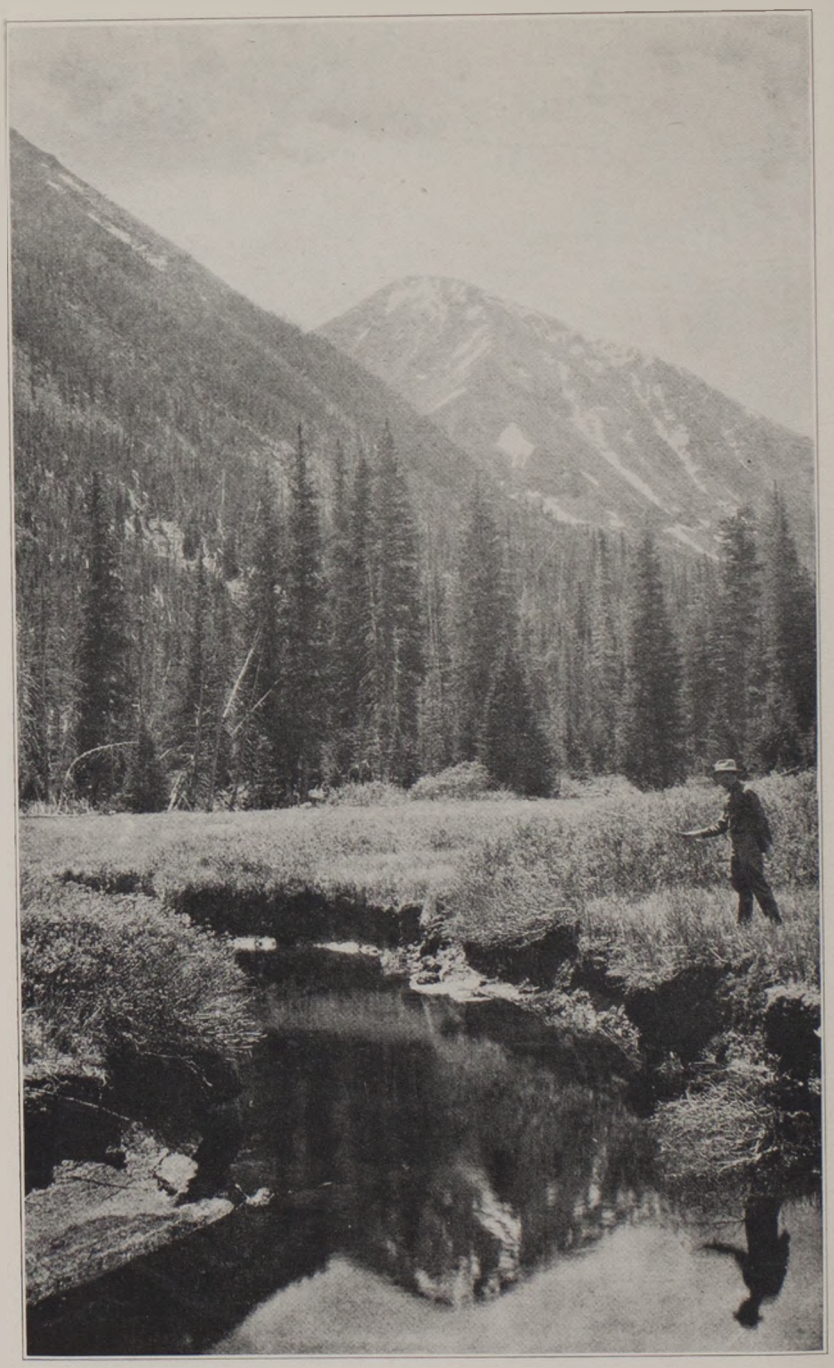

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THE FRONTIER

A Literary Magazine

"The frontiers are not east or west, north or south, but wherever a man fronts a fact."—THOREAU.

Published three times a year.....Subscription yearly, One Dollar

VOL. VI, NO. III MAY, 1926

Incorrigible

I will not get me a soul.
I will not wear me the somber dress,
Bought with a coward's dole,
Of some half happiness.
Buy hope with fear?
Play for the winning?
Call this—or the other—sinning,
With a virtuous leer?
Build walls—so high for love,
So strong for power,
With a warning sign-board above
Each gate, and a grim watch tower?

DOROTHY MUELLER

Horizons

"I USED to wonder what was beyond those mountains," a man once said to me, "and now I'm old and I've ridden North and South, East and West, and all I've found is more mountains. Once, when I went way South, I came to a plain. But I never did see what was beyond that."

And the experience of my friend can be translated into all our lives. A horizon is a most intangible and fascinating thing. It is always ahead of us and beyond it lies that which we cannot see, that which holds the promise of greater or more beautiful things. But when we cross the skyline we find only another horizon that lures us on to finish the search for the ultimate goal of all of us—the complete fulfillment of ourselves. Some of us range far in our search and some of us make startling discoveries. Some become bitter and disillusioned and give up; and some keep on with a great faith and learn much of life. Some batter for a while at the walls of hard convention and strong prejudice and then fall back into the rut of constrained acceptance and impotence. Some go through life unquestioning. In the few the spark of desire to learn what lies beyond burns strong and bright and these few go to the ends of the earth, crossing horizon after horizon until they die, still true to the ideal.

But no one ever reaches the goal of complete fulfillment. We cross the last horizon when we die and we cannot tell about it. Our search ends in silence and oblivion. And now comes the paradox. The fact that the individual never attains the ideal is the most encouraging thing in life. For when the individual completely realizes himself, civilization and humanity will have gained perfection in which there is neither unknown or unknowable.

And perfection soon palls on us. We cannot know beauty without ugliness, nor love without hate, nor virtue without sin, nor peace without conflict. Perfection would abolish all standards and there would be no opposition, no conflict, even of ideas. Existence is a struggle between Life and Fate. And a world in which we could sit back complacently and say, "There! we are through. We have solved the mystery of Life and the mystery of Death. We know everything, understand everything. There is nothing left to work for" would hardly be worth living in.

ALEX. McIVER, JR.

Going to Kuliang

HER heart sang over and over as she looked at the flaming sunset, "We're going to Kuliang tomorrow! We're going to Kuliang tomorrow!" A year seems as ten when one is seven years old, and it had been a whole year since the last exciting adventure of starting up the mountain, for the summer vacation. Now the sunset was red—"Red at night, sailor's delight! It's sure to be a nice day tomorrow!" she chanted. The clothes and dishes and books were all packed in round bamboo baskets, and in the morning the men would be coming early to get the baskets and them and carry them up the mountain.

"We'll have to get up early, won't we, Mamma? I'm going to bed right now so I can get up early."

Dawn, and golden clouds 'way up beyond where the river begins. Pale daylight on the sleeping porch. Dim lights glowing in the bedroom where Mamma and Papa are getting the bedclothes folded and rolled up into bundles. She pulled on her clothes, carefully saved out the night before; she had known for days just what she would wear to go up the mountain. Then she climbed up on the squeaking bed springs and tugged at the knot that tied her mosquito net to the frame.

"There, mine's down. Now I'll help you with yours, Betty."

O, joy, joy, joy! O, dear! Will those rowing coolies never get started?

"Mamma, when are we going? Aren't we ever *going*?"

"Yes, dear, sit down and eat your breakfast. Call Betty and Bernard and eat your breakfast, so that the cook can wash the dishes. We can get started sooner if you do."

Wise argument, the best that she could use!

Finally, the last noisy burden-bearer is off with his load, and the chair coolies are here. "Four sedan chairs. Yes, that's right. Betty and I in one—I'll let her sit 'way back first—Mamma and little Bernard in one, Papa in the third, and the Amah in the fourth."

Sque-eak! go the poles as the coolies lift them to their shoulders and start up the walk. She leans forward to see that the water bottle is tied on tight. Joggity-jog-jog up the steps, not a drop spills out. How fragrant the acacia blossoms are as they pass under the tree and the pink fringes drop down on them in the June morning. There's the old watchman grinning as they go out of the gate. "Goo-bye!

Goo-bye!" they yell to him, and he says "Goo-bye." She wonders if he will be lonely all summer without them. He always seems glad when they come back.

Down through the narrow, smelly streets, across the bridge, into the Horse Road where there is the tinkle-tinkle of ricsha bells, and the peddlers are just setting out their stalls for the day. Dripping water chestnuts, sick-looking pears with the spoiled places cut out of them, bunches of leng-gengs.

Out onto the plain now. Narrow path through tall, wavy rice. Plank, plank, go the coolies' feet over the slabs of stone, with an occasional ooze as the stone tilts under and the water squashes from a straw sandal. "See how funny their legs look, Betty!" They seem to flit along like shadows. How hot it is getting! The rice birds call more lazily across the fields, and from somewhere far away comes the sing-song monotonous rhythm of a pump, drawing water from a ditch into a paddy-field. It sounds lazy, too. A village appears ahead, and when the line of chairs reaches it and goes through, the little naked children are the only active creatures, as they run after, shouting, "Foreign devils, foreign devils!"

At last they arrive at the foot of the mountain, and Kuliang rises high above, deep-blue and cool-looking. The chairs are put down and everyone gets out and stretches. The coolies go up to the tables set out under the trees, and drink tea, and smoke, while Mamma pulls the cork out of the bottle, and each of the children has a drink of the water.

"Get back in your chairs. The coolies are coming!"

Now begins the climb, with a long, slow swing as the chair-bearers adapt themselves to the new pace. Soon the swing becomes delightful, but begins to pull, pull, pull down on one's ears. A steep stretch, and they are at the first rest house. From here you can see the great water wheel down in the valley. She points it out to Betty and the baby. "How far, far, down it is. Some day I am going down there. What a nice place this would be to play, with baby pine trees all over the mountain side, and hundreds of wild roses."

So the second and third rest-houses are passed by, and they are on the last stretch. The plain lies hundreds of feet below, a green plain, with the sun glistening on silver ribbons of river and canals.

"Will the house look the same as it did last summer? Will the stream sound just as loud at first, and will the cicades be singing?—

O, I can hardly wait!" she cries aloud. "There's the old laundryman's house. It's the first one you come to. And there's the first village—and now we're almost there, almost there—there's the post-office—and the press building—and now I want to get out and run down the steps to the house.

"We're here! We're here! The Horseshoe road looks farther away than ever, and higher; and the sound of the stream fills our ears, and the cicades are singing, singing!—will you put the swing up *right away*, Papa?"

MARJORIE BILLING

Revery

IT IS night on the Min River. A splash of oars gently parts the water, and ripples flow smoothly past the side of the boat. What place in the world is so quiet and peaceful, what place for which I have longed so much? Night—and the stars are shining, and the moon glows softly over the hills and the broad waters. A sandbar rises up before my eyes, and the rudder squeaks as we sheer suddenly away from it. Is it a dream, or am I really wide awake? Sleep is far from my mind as I seem to dream on, in a glory of solitude that lies unbroken all around me. Ah! how often I have dreamed of quietness like this. But always before there were factory whistles or the shrill screech of a train far away, or the purring of a car on the road near-by. Here, there is nothing to break the stillness; the swish of drowsy oar and rippling water only make it more intense. Was that a light that flashed on the soft black hills? No, only a star burning low on the horizon. A deep sense of contentment comes over me like a wave. I am home, *home*! Nothing matters now. There is no strife anywhere, only deep peace. Peace—and drowsiness—and sleep.

What is this stir that comes to my ears? Why! it is full daylight, and the water rushes past. Full sail, too, for the wind has come up during the night and we are tacking from shore to shore, with long, lazy tacks and the slow squeaking and gritting of the great sails as they swing around. The crew is sitting about idly in the back of the boat; I can hear them talking between hot mouthfuls of rice. I can hear the cheerful crackle of the fire, nay, almost feel the welcome warmth, for the chill of morning still lies on the river. And the kettle boils merry defiance to the cold. I rise and stretch my cramped limbs, a little stiff from contact with the unrelieved hardness of the boards. The little cracked mirror hung between two rude windows

tells me the usual tale of comfortable slumber, with hair standing on end and clothes mussed and wrinkled. Kneeling on the planks I pull out my comb and stick my head out of the window for a long whiff of breath-taking air. High black hills and clear, bright day—how glorious!

Finally, having made myself to some degree presentable, I slide back the little panel which separates me from the crew. "Neng-ga oi dik sion-dik-giang gung-tong," I am asking for some of the water boiling in the little black kettle. The boatman's wife, slim in her patched old-blue jacket and dull black trousers, crawls around a child, and, still on all fours, hands me the pot. There is no room to stand under the low thatch covering the cubby-hole; I thank her and she asks me if I don't want a bowl of rice. "There's plenty," she adds. To this statement seemingly verified by the now passive boatmen, of whom there are three, and the toothless smile of the old crone who sits hunched up over the rudder, I willingly assent. Ah! Mmm-mm! What can be better on a chill autumn morning than a bowl of steaming rice and cups of hot tea?

I finish the last grain and the last drop and open the front panel or door to my room and step over the high stile to the forward part of the boat. Nothing is astir on the river so early in the morning. And yet—there is a swish-swish behind us, and a far-off sing-song of voices, and soon a large rice-boat with sails twice as big as ours, overtakes us in the middle of the stream. Good-natured raillery passes between the two crews, and a lusty shout rises from the other as its eight men ply their oars in unison. As they leave us far behind a rhythmic chorus floats back to us, and our men, catching the fever, slip their oars into the notches and bend over them with a chorus of their own. I have a notion that around this bend the wind will die down, and sails will not be of much use.

So it turns out,—and rounding the bend reveals a whole forest of masts standing straight up in the middle of the river ahead of us. On the shore to the left there is smoke, and, yes, black roofs, and here on the hillside is a tiny shrine with red curved roof, always to be seen on the outskirts of a village. A half-hour brings us into the midst of the forest, and passing deftly through the mass, with many a shrill scream as we bump another boat, and many a push and shove from their long poles and ours, we gain clear water on the other side and continue on our way up-stream.

MARJORIE BILLING

I Have Known High Moments

I have known high moments, tense, alone,
When life came near
And earth and thoughts and men
Buoyed me up
Till I seemed to fly,
And a force within
That would burst by and by
And fling fragments of rhythms
Kept swelling and swelling
Until I must sing
(Or cry)
At its tightness—
And the singing (or crying)
Took definite patterns
In words or lines
Projected out of my vision, my struggle,
Like crystals, clear
But leaving behind
Suggestions of others, lost,
That I yet might find
Could I only sustain
The more exquisite pain
For their birth.

I have known such moments—
Till—soon—soon
I have felt them slip
Through protesting exhaustion
To peace—
And despair.

GRACE D. BALDWIN

Whistlin' Bill

I UNDERSTOOD how such a country as the little valley that lay cooped up west of Yellowstone Park would make people undemonstrative and even brusque in their human relationships; I understood how a man could stand before a spreading meadow of triumphant, glistening green hay dotted here and there with the feathery grey of new sage, and curse, deep and low; for I had come to know well the hopeless "thud, thud" of a grubber against the tough year-old stocks of those same feathery shoots. But I could not understand why the whole neighborhood worshipped Bill Stanley. It was a dumb and inarticulate worship that was never spoken or obtruded, but it was true worship. He was such an ordinary man, I couldn't even see why they called him "Whistlin' Bill." It was true that he whistled but there were others who whistled, as well as those who cursed.

I had also understood that it was almost a tradition of this little community that Bill should take the teacher horseback riding, mountain climbing, and do the showing off of the country—because these people were proud of their country even if they were too afraid of it to enjoy it. But I hadn't ever let him entertain me. I told myself that I wasn't going to fall under the spell that he had over the rest of the community.

And then the storm came. It lasted seven nights and the snow was like the feathers that shower from a ripped feather bed. There was no wind or storm, there was only snow in that sightless, soundless, deadened world. Snow and a shrill sweet whistle. The blustering, busy creek was clogged and obstructed with snow, the chattering pines were burdened and bent with snow; and then there was no creek, no trees, nothing except a blanket of snow; a blanket that you couldn't see through, push aside or crawl under. But Bill whistled and that whistle cut that blanket like a red hot cinder and reached every human ear. It was like the keyhole of the deep, black closet in which the naughty child is shut. And when the snow ceased and the creek became a band of ice and the trees became distorted monsters, when the whole world hardened and froze, that whistle rose triumphantly above it all. The people never commented on it except in such observations as, "Bill must have slept in this morning. He's milking late," or "Bill must have gone for the mail. Haven't heard him for a couple

of hours." But if they were depressed, his whistle seemed to give them a new zest for life; if they were tired his whistle rested them. And when I was almost beginning to wish that I had listened to Mrs. Ivy's admonitions about "getting out while the getting's good," that whistle seemed to say, "Nonsense, it's going to be a glorious adventure."

Time, however, dragged heavily for a while. We went to bed early; we slept so late that we were listless and weary when we got up. Eating was a matter of form only; we had no appetites because we did nothing to rouse them. The dreadful sameness was broken twice a week by mail day and we devoured every printed word that came to us. We looked eagerly, hungrily for packages because Christmast was nearing and so few packages came. Mrs. Ivy confided to me one day that she had sent for some things for the two boys a month before and they hadn't come. I, too, had sent and I, too, was afraid of being disappointed. But there were still two mails before Christmas. So we cheered each other.

And then it snowed—a sticky, nasty snow, that Bill, when he came over—he lived only a half mile from us and came over every evening now—declared so bad that we wouldn't get mail for a week, at least. Tears sprang to my eyes and even Mrs. Ivy turned rather quickly away.

"What's the matter?" Bill asked quickly.

"It's just the kiddies' Christmas," I answered, "they have been counting so much on it."

"We ought to be able to do something," Bill suggested; so we put our heads together.

The "something" seemed pitifully inadequate, but the two boys were overjoyed with the bulging stockings of candy and nuts, the new ski-poles, and the sheep-lined mittens that were waiting for them Christmas morning. They searched the cellar-top eagerly for the tracks of Santa Claus. Why the cellar-top no one understood, least of all themselves. They talked to Bill about it, when he came over that evening.

"Well, now," he argued, "you couldn't expect to see a lot of tracks. There'd be just one place where he jumped out. Are you sure you didn't overlook it?" The boys were positive about it at first, but they went to bed unconvinced and the next morning the tracks were there. Moreover, they were crusted in.

I didn't understand the importance of the coming of crust unti Bill came hurrying over. He came bursting into the house with "Th skiing's fine. Let's have a surprise party on Johnsons tomorrow Shan't we, Mrs. Ivy?"

And so it was arranged. My one experience with a party in th community made me look forward to this one with apprehension. I made me rather angry to have Bill divine my feeling. I think he mus have because he maneuvered the usual family circle until he got m over in a corner, then said, "You didn't like the party we had las fall, did you? You didn't understand it," and suddenly his habitual half whimsical attitude dropped from him and he became serious.

"You ought to try to understand it. These are simple peopl but they are fine. They have, whether they know it or not, a dee abiding faith in this land, in this country. And some day—some da it is going to justify it. But it is a hard fight, a heartbreaking fight and it seems most of the time to be a useless one. And that, don' you see, explains the party?" After a moment's impressive silenc Bill rose and strolled out the door filling the day with a low, thrillin whistle.

Even his words, however, had not fully reassured me becaus the party in the fall had been a disgusting spectacle at whic moonshine drinking had been the chief basis of amusement. Th surprise party the next day, however, was a very different affai Only the five families of the community were there and it was simple, child-like entertainment that lasted from one morning afte the chores were done until it was time to do the chores again th next morning. It was huge fun, and we defied the weather again an again to repeat it. The dog teams and skis began to be used fo pleasure as well as for necessity. Surprise parties were organize and carried out with much vigor and though each family knew whe it was its turn, the other four families derived much glee from pre serving the utmost secrecy. That the entertaining family had every thing in readiness when the party arrived did not signify that th loud cries of "surprise" should be repressed.

The daylight hours were consumed in dog contests of various sort and in skiing feats. Bill was a marvel on skis, and he constructed higher "jump-off" at each party. Then the children were put to slee as night advanced while the grown-ups made strong coffee and settle

down to the cherished game of 500. Sometimes there was a simple prize and sometimes there wasn't. It didn't matter.

I was beginning to feel that the country had relented; but it was only a pause before a more deadly attack. Mr. Ivy and Mr. Lamoureau had killed elk during the season and divided them among all the families. But they were gone, had been gone for two months. Ham and bacon came to the table and were sent back untouched. We wanted fresh meat. Mr. Ivy had killed an old horse that he wintered for coyote bait, in order to feed the dogs, and Bob had more or less expressed all our feelings when he said, "Gee, Mom, that red meat looks good enough for us to be eating." We needed fresh meat. Fred had broken out with a slight rash that, his mother said, was the result of a prolonged starch diet.

One evening, when the Ivy's turn for a surprise party had come, the men glumly told each other that the "elk had left the country." Of course there was the Park herd but there was "small chance of getting one of them." Only Bill remained cheerful. He had hunted unceasingly and had grown thinner and harder, but his whistle was louder than ever. The situation was serious. I knew it was serious but people didn't talk much about it. There was a growing tension in the air, though, that I knew would have to break.

Late that night when the tobacco smoke had become banked in such clouds that even a sharp draft from the open door had to struggle to cut through them, when everyone's eyes were bloodshot and heavy, when the gaslamps were flickering, blackening and appearing sick in the growing dawn, Mrs. Wilcox had to quit playing cards in order to walk the floor with her lovely three-year-old daughter. The child had had the rash for some time, but it hadn't bothered her much. That evening, however, she had scratched one arm, and angry, red streaks were shooting up to her shoulder. As the child kept up her hurt, sobbing cry, Bill asked, "What's the matter with her?"

Mrs. Wilcox answered, "Oh, I guess it's just this rash. She isn't very strong, you know," she added in a low troubled voice. Bill kicked his chair from under him, ejaculated, "Damn this country!" and left the room.

Before I realized it, I was speeding over the crusted snow behind a team of hounds. I had promised to spend the next few days with one of my former pupils. I think it was a deliberate plan to get me away from the scene of action. It was not, I'm sure, that they didn't want me to know what Bill was doing or going to do, but everybody

else seemed to know without talking about it and I always asked questions.

At any rate, two days later, my former pupil, a grown up woman of twelve, told me that Bill had killed two elk and that we were all going over to his house to have some mulligan. My giving vent to the wonder that he could kill two elk in two days when they had all been hunting for months, only brought forth the short answer that he had killed them in the Park. "But isn't that," I asked, "very dangerous?" "Of course," the girl answered and the contempt in her voice silenced me.

The smell of fresh meat seemed to take a clamp off the community. We laughed, we shouted, we sang. We hit each other on the back and told each other, in so many words, that life certainly was worth living. As for myself I couldn't get close enough to the meat, so I entreated Bill to let me help make the mulligan.

"Well," Bill drawled, "the meat has been cooking for two hours." Then he took off the lid of the washboiler and let me have a close sniff of that divine odor. He went on with, "I'm just fixing to put the turnips and carrots in. I never put very many carrots in. I guess we better put the onions in now. Just a handfull cut up fine to flavor it. Don't you think they give it a better flavor, sort of takes the wild taste away?" I detested onions and I really didn't know what he meant by the wild taste, but I found myself eagerly agreeing without realizing why. Bill went on with, "You can strain the tomatoes and cut up the potatoes later, while I make the sourdough biscuit." I have eaten many stews and countless mulligans but none can compare with Bill's elk stew. It was a compensation, even for the long meat fast. What was left in the washboiler after supper we ate for breakfast.

The next morning Mr. Ivy offered to take a team of dogs and go get the meat; but Bill put his skiis on as we were leaving and said he'd go up and quarter the meat; then each man could go up and get his own. I was eager to go along, and he must have known it because he added, "I'd take the teacher along but it looks like snow." And then he smiled at me. I haven't forgotten that smile yet, even though I was "young" and may still "get over it."

It was about two o'clock when it began to snow. The same feather-bed sort that we had had in November. I was frankly worried and kept pressing my nose against the window pane and asking if the skiis stuck terribly. All evening I kept listening and listening

for a keen, sweet whistle, but it didn't come. Mr. Ivy was barricaded behind a two-weeks-old Butte Miner, Mrs. Ivy was crocheting, with her lips pursed out in concentration, on the endless yoke. Bob was out in the kitchen waxing his skis with an aromatic mixture of wax candles and old phonograph records, and Fred was deep in the third perusal of "Chip of the Flying U." After I had walked through the house for the third time, stopping at each window only to be baffled by the steady stream of flakes that could be seen in the glow of lamplight, Mrs. Ivy stopped her counting long enough to ask, "Typewriter out of commission?"

It was still snowing the next morning and, when the clock had finally dragged its hands around to ten-thirty and still no whistle had come, I plucked up enough courage to say, "Do you suppose Bill is home? I haven't heard him whistling."

Mrs. Ivy's voice was sharp as she answered, "Now don't you get to worrying about Bill. He's able to take care of himself."

"Don't you suppose," I ventured again, "that the scouts caught him?"

"No, I don't," she snapped, "he's too smart for them."

"Could something else have happened to him? The snow—and everything?" I asked vaguely.

"Bill will get home all right," she insisted, "this country ain't ever going to get the best of him."

But Mr. Ivy's voice was more than casual when he came in and said, "Can't see the barn till you're right on it. A fellow'd get lost if the trail wasn't packed so hard that you sink the minute you step off." And Bob stopped his nervous whittling a few minutes later, pulled his mackinaw on, and, in answer to his mother's impatient question, said, "Oh, I was just going to see how bad the skis were sticking." When he returned he vouchsafed not a word until his father's sharp, "Well?" pulled forth the glum remark that "they pick up a foot of lead every step."

It cleared up during the night and turned cold enough so that, though it was not easy going, the skis no longer stuck. It was only five o'clock when Snowshoe Johnson stopped, but we, habitually nine o'clock risers, were all up—for no spoken reason. Snowshoe halloed outside the door and, as we crowded out, said, "Promised the kid I'd show him how to set a coyote bait. Not many around this year—nothing for them to eat, but I thought I'd string out a short line."

Mr. Ivy answered, slowly, "Why yes, that's a good idea."

It was two hours later when they returned. They both took off their skis, stuck them up in the snow, scraped them, and even hung their ski poles up before they came in. As I opened the kitchen door Snowshoe was remarking, "I've worn every brand of rubbers in the last twenty years and the 'Red Ball's' got them all beat."

He stamped in, took off his cap, chafed his ears, pulled off his mittens and laid them in the warming oven, sat down, then said calmly,

"Well, we found Bill. We followed a single coyote track up the Park line until we came to a place where we could see where a lot of them had been milling around a big tree. I didn't think much about that until I saw a tuft of black hair and a splotch of red. Guess Bill must of got tired bucking that storm and crawled in there to rest. He should have known better!

"The coyotes had pulled his cap off and had eaten all the flesh off his face and head. Just scraps of meat left here and there, and tufts of hair, but the bones were gnawed pretty clean."

The east wind, that was lapping up the last sparkling jewels of the crust, whistled, a low sardonic whistle, as it turned the corner of the house.

DORIS ROWSE

Let Me Move Lightly

Let me move lightly across your thought,
Swiftly, as passes,
Pattern-making, a summer wind
Through the bending grasses.
Let me lie lightly against your breast
In the drowsy dark,
As a gull must rest,
Sometimes, on a passing bark.
Let us seek the heart of the sun
On the wings of laughter!
Let me sing, untouched, in the sun,
Now—and after—

DOROTHY MUELLER

Home

Winter silence everywhere
Streaks of dust-blown snow;
In a leafless cottonwood
A lone and dismal crow.

Bird-nests torn and tumbled in
Weed-stalks dead and dry—
Choked with ice the little creek
That ran wild last July.

Dreary winter afternoon,—
But still my step is light,
For just beyond the woods is home,
And I'll be there tonight.

My rattle of the door-knob
Will take them by surprise,
And there'll be kisses all around
And lingering, loving eyes.

Then all will try to talk at once
To fill in lengthy gaps
That meagre letter-writing left
And quit at two—perhaps!

Across the little woodland path
The sunbeams dance and dart—
January in the woods,
But April in my heart!

E. E. ERICSON

Afterwards

Here is the room in which you slept;
Here the shelf where your books were kept—
Here the desk on which you wrote
Me many a precious little note,—
And yet in this hallowed dry-land shack,
Where floods of memories come back,
My hostess sits and rocks and tells
Us how she makes her cherry jells!

E. E. ERICSON

My Life on a Montana Ranch

(Winning Interscholastic Essay.)

Summer was drawing near at V4 Ranch. Green grass had sprung up everywhere, buds had opened into leaves and wild mountain flowers dotted the mountains and canyons with their bright and gorgeous colors. Standing at the top of Old Square Butte, I gazed into the swale below me filled with tiger lilies, their bright orange petals flecked with black, and fresh with the morning's dew. The sun casting its golden rays into this valley of orange and black, made it appear as a valley swept with fire, and as an onlooker, I could but marvel at the beauty of the west and of Montana's mountain flowers. Filling my arms with some of these, I made my way back toward the ranch buildings, stopping now and then to gather bluebells and primroses. Kinnikinnick spread out on the mountainside before me, and its tiny shell-pink flowers were opening their delicate petals to add a brightness to the cool sombreness of the mountain. Little chipmunks frisked here and there over the rocks, and in and out among the boughs of the pine trees, as I approached their hiding places. How spicy and fragrant the pine needles were, and as I sauntered down the mossy path, pine cones rolled along, stopped only by a rock, a bush or a tree.

The buildings of the ranch were low, and built principally of logs. To the north were the barns, sheep-sheds, and round-pole corrals, and to the south was the low rambling ranch house, with its wide and roomy porch. The floor of the porch was made of great slabs of stone, the railing of smaller trees, and the only chairs were hewn from huge logs. In one of these I rested while sorting my flowers for the long table in the dining room.

The house, too, was cool and restful, and from the kitchen issued savory smells, for every day at the ranch was baking day. I went into the kitchen to help with the preparations for dinner, the other work having all been completed before my morning walk.

There is one thing about ranch life, and that is, that time never drags. Our city friends say that they object to a ranch because it is so lonely for young people, but they are mistaken. There is always something to be done, and even in our moments of leisure, we can take lessons from Nature. The west is so big, and so grand that we never can know it all, and each day we find and see new beauties.

The men came in for dinner, tired and wearied from their morning work, but with keen appetites. For an hour they rested in the coolness of the porch before returning to their work in the fields. Although most of time and energy was devoted to cattle and sheep raising, there were small fields of grain on the level slopes. The alfalfa and timothy fields were tiny green spots in the bottoms far below us, and the sweeping breeze made them appear as waves of a green and foaming sea.

With the dinner dishes washed and preparations for the evening meal well started, I could rest and enjoy my home. As it was too lovely to stay in the house, I went to the corral, called my favorite horse, Lightfoot, and

saddled him. Then we started for our ride through the canyons, following the rough and rocky cattle and sheep paths. Sometimes Lightfoot galloped, other times he went at a slow trot, and then at other times, I slipped out of the saddle and sat by a mountain stream watching its lazy meandering down the little gulch it had cut in the stern mountainside, while my horse grazed near by. When the afternoon was waning I gave my thoughts to the wind and listened for the cowbells of the dairy cattle. It was my duty each evening with the help of Pinto, our dog, to take the cows to the ranch for the evening milking. As I headed them for the barns, I saw one of the men bringing in the sheep. It was early yet, but far off in the distance could be heard the howl of the mountain wolf and the coyote. They, too, were preparing for an evening meal; perhaps it would consist of some stray sheep, a tiny lamb, or a calf lost from its mother.

The evening chores were attended to, supper was served, and then on the shadowy porch, the cowboys sang while one played the ukelele, but this did not last for any great length of time. The morning would bring new tasks to be performed and old tasks to be repeated.

Night, it seems to me, is the time when Nature is at her best. The harsher notes of the busy day have died away, and there is only the soft whistling of the pine trees, broken now and then by the owl's shrill hoot, the lowing of the cattle, or the cry of the coyotes. To end a perfect day, I stood on a large rock near the house and watched the western star appear above Old Square Butte, and it was soon followed by others that twinkled here and there. Every pine tree seemed a black pool of mystery until the moon emerged and poured golden rays of light upon them. The little stream flowing from a secluded mountain spring gurgled and chattered over its rocky bed, sparkling in the soft moonlight. The greatness of it all made one feel small, only a tiny creature of a world too deep, too magnificent to ever be understood by humans.

Summer days meant busy days. The sheep had been sheared, and it was time to dip them. This is one of the unpleasant tasks of ranch life. The sheep are driven into the corral, into the vat filled with its loathsome dip by ones or twos and then after a moment or two of struggling, they once more are free. The onlooker is filled with disgust, and soon overcome with nausea.

June passed, and the heat of summer came to the mountain land. The weather was perfect. The dawns broke cool and fresh, with a rosy fragrance about them, and their accompanying breezes seemed only the breath of Heaven. But all days were not filled with sunshine. There were days when the sheep stood huddled together in their shelters protected from the chilling wind and the drenching rain. Then work about the ranch was discontinued and a fire in the great fire-place was welcomed, while we sat about reading or talking, and sometimes just listening to the fall of the rain, the roar of the trees, and watching the flashing of the lightning playing in and out among the pines.

With the latter half of July came a baffling heat. Each day seemed hotter than the one before, and at noontide the great white sun glared down so hotly that it burned and parched the skin. Mountain streams became dry, and only the larger springs continued to flow. Grass turned a sickly, yellow color, and even the fields of grain in the valleys below were singed with yellow. The

alfalfa and timothy fields were dusty and dry and the men coming in from the cutting and stacking were tired and discouraged. The heat of the evenings and nights was intnese, almost suffocating, but there was no sign of rain. Only the blazing sun came each day to complete its circuit. Small forest fires sprang up here and there in the surrounding mountains. The smoke drifted down to the ranch, and some of the men, equipped with wet sacks, went to fight the fires. At night, the fires appeared a vivid red on the darkened mountain sides, blazing up as the wind increased. The other men of the ranch with fresh supplies, went to relieve those who had been fighting them, and it was their hope to overcome them before the dawning of another day if possible. This doubled the work for the rest of us, and I had to milk the cows, feed the young calves, and help drive in the sheep. Some of the cattle from the mountain grazing land were coming down to the buildings, driven down partly by the smoke, and partly because of the scarcity of water and grass. After days of this the long-looked-for rains came, and even though crops were damaged to a great extent, ranch life became beautiful and pleasant again, the cattle became fat and sleek, and returned to their grazing lands.

August and September brought work-filled days for all. There was little time for pleasures and hours of leisure. The grain was cut and harvested, and as help was short, it was necessary for me to help shock grain. Then there was the second crop of hay and I drove the stacker team. Threshing brought extra cooking; but at last all this was completed and the men prepared for the fall roundup and the branding.

The cattle were driven down from the north by the wind-browned and saddle-wearied cowboys, who sang range chanteys to pass the time as they rode down the trail. Sometimes they slouched low in their saddles, while the glaring sun and the sweeping winds burned their faces. Their throats became parched with the clouds of dust thrown up by the hoofs of the cattle. In a few days, the fat, sleek herd was bunched together, ready to be taken to the stockyards for shipping, and then another tiresome journey was required. The men rose early, saddled their horses, and started the bawling, tramping cattle for town. The cars had been engaged a short time before, and immediately the cattle were shipped to eastern markets. Then the big-kneed calves had the searing mark of the branding iron set up on them and were once again turned into the mountains.

Work languished, and some of the hired men departed, desiring to leave ranch life behind and to enjoy city life during the winter months.

The late autumn sunsets were beautiful, and many times after gathering the kinnikinnick with its scarlet berries, I watched the sun go down behind Old Square Butte. Sometimes there was a blazing, golden light on the mountain top. The gold became a deep orange, a brilliant pink and then a faint coral. The sky surrounding the setting sun was a sapphire blue, and it mingled with the coral and few remaining clouds of gold. Overhead, billowy white clouds, resembling sea foam, floated and rippled here and there. Other times the pines on Old Square Butte appeared to be a black lace scarf thrown in soft, loose folds over swirls of red velvet.

Sometimes I took long hikes in the mountains and watched the clouds

floating below me, while I stood in the sunshine, but my delight knew no bounds when the first snowflakes floated through the chill air. Soon the mountains became only a wilderness of black and white. There were snowy ridges and valleys, against which the pine and fir trees made great dark blotches. The blizzards drove the cattle humped and drifting before the wind to the shelter of straw beds and straw stacks. Gray wolves slunk watchfully here and there among the rocks, their shaggy coats filled with frozen ice and snow. The men had gone to gather up some of the cattle and calves which had strayed away from the main herd, and as they drew near the ranch we could see that the horses were as weary as the men who rode them. Snow was packed in the tails and manes of the drooping horses, in the creases of the men's clothing, and tiny drifts of snow lay in heaps upon their hat brims. Their eyes were snow-smitten and bloodshot from the shower of icy missiles which swept upon them in hard-driven sheets. Cold and hungry, they went to the bunkhouse and gathered about the fire, some rubbing their frozen faces and fingers with snow, while others drank hot coffee.

After the blizzards the country seemed bleak and desolate, with only chill, forbidding mountains looming up out of the vastness. Trees creaked and groaned under their heavy burdens, and paths and roads were completely obliterated. The afternoons I spent with reading and sewing, but in the evenings the family gathered about the fire-place, heaped it high with dry wood, and while the flames leaped greedily, we told stories, popped corn, and roasted apples. Sometimes some of the older men came in and told us of their adventures when Montana was a new state.

There were mornings when we arose and saw two or three deer grazing on the foothills of the mountains, and frequently they came to the gates of the ranch, looking for stray bits of hay. Other times we saw the tracks of the mountain lions which had come in search of a sheep or a calf, and sometimes their night quest was successful.

The winter nights were wonderful in their cold, white stillness with the thermometer registering below the zero mark. Millions of stars shone from the deep blue skies, and the moon sank slowly, majestically, over the darkling pines on Old Square Butte, casting a radiant light over the mountains, making them light as day. Sometimes as I walked out into the cold night air, the only sound which greeted my ears was the crunching of the snow under my feet. Other times in the canyon below me, there was the distant howl of the wolf, the whine of the bobcat, or the child-like sobbing of the mountain lion.

The winter months passed, and with March came the chinooks, warm winds from the southwest, cutting the snowbanks like a knife. Snow was turned to water, and the brown grass beneath lay bare. The lank-bodied cattle once more returned to their grazing lands, as thankful as the ranchers to welcome spring. Purple crocuses peeped up through the snow, hidden by a rock in some sheltered nook, but their tiny fuzzy coats of fur protected them from the chilling winds of March. Bluebirds darted in and out among the pine trees, and all seemed to be the perfect beginning of a perfect year in God's vast unvaulted country.

As I thought of the past year and then of the new one opening before me,

I became overpowered. This was indeed a treasure land, a land of untarnished beauty, and the exultation which I experienced, was so keen that it hurt. Weather-beaten, but majestic pines were awesome in their solemn glory, and as the wind made a soft singing noise through their needles, I seemed to hear the fragments of a story, their story of the west.

INZA McDOWELL,
Hardin, Montana.

SLUICE BOX

I *The Drag*

Sweat and dust and flies; a pitiless blistering sun makes the very air cringe and curl in a blinding shimmer. Your tongue is thick and your sore cracked lips hurt when you try to lick off some of that stinging alkali dust, dust that dries your throat until you cannot swallow and burns your eyes until you feel that it is eating up your very body.

Far ahead the vanguard of the herd can be dimly distinguished through the hovering dust and dancing heat waves. If you could only be on the "point"! How you envy the fellow who rides on the flank of those big round-rumped leaders that plod steadily along with a stoic determination.

The weary horse under you turns instinctively to urge on an exhausted steer which looks at you with an appeal for mercy that almost touches your sympathy, but you crack your dragging lariat rope over him and curse. Back and forth you ride with more curses, almost screams, as in exasperation you viciously spur your horse and flay the fly-covered backs of the laggards. There are big low-necked bulls with all the animal force gone out of them; thin, bleary-eyed cows and steers staggering erratically, poisoned by loco-weed; calves bawling for their mothers, lost somewhere in the herd—all apparently at the end of their endurance, yet somehow struggling mile after mile over the endless waste of the badlands—Wyoming badlands.

You no longer talk to the rider on the other wing of the "drag," nor smile at his quaint cursing or fits of rage similar to your own. The lame steer has finally dropped behind and turning in your sticky saddle you see him far to the rear, standing quite still watching the herd moving slowly away from him.

A rattler, aroused from a peaceful siesta under a scraggly patch of sage-brush, whurrs his resentment to the interruption made by the passing herd. You ride on. It is too much of an effort to dismount and stamp the life from this enemy.

Through the eternity of the afternoon the sun has made its way far to the west and you look anxiously ahead in hope of seeing some indication of the herd's destination. The "point" has passed out of sight and with renewed vigor

you force the stragglers into a quicker pace. The cattle and your horse respond more readily now to lash and spur. They too seem to sense that the end of the trek is near.

Just as the sun drops behind the jagged horizon of Black Mountain you reach the rim of the bench and below you is the brilliant green of a meadow and cottonwoods flanking a creek. After a long cool drink, a cigarette, a stretching of legs on the damp sand, you have forgotten the torturing miles behind; life is good and you don't mind another five miles into camp. You grin and say in reply to a remark from Tex, "Yeh, they trail good for mixed stuff. I didn't have a bit of trouble except for dropping that lame steer, but I guess he'll make it."

II

It was a spring afternoon in Paris, outside the little walled and graveled courtyard when I sat on the house steps, a child with my feet tucked under me and my chin in my hands. It was a thing of shifting cadences and harmonies forever unresolved; without knowing it, I knew that I was walled into the very heart of a spread-out, unwritten poem. There was a gate with a little tinkling bell, and ivy along the walls of the houses. The sunlight was yellow on the biggest ivy leaves, like hovering butterflies. It was very still; I could hear the stillness beyond the convent walls that ended our street, as if it were the end of the world. I heard the little bell tinkle, above the gate.

I saw a strange young man, and a dog. They were both beautiful; I shall never forget. The young man went past me up the steps, but he told the big dog to lie down and wait. I said,

"What's his name?"

"Hamlet, of course."

The young man smiled, to ask my forgiveness for the "of course". I smiled back to show that there wasn't anything to forgive; and he went up the steps into the house.

I sat still, with my arms around the dog's massive neck. I shouldn't have had the least bit of use for Aladdin's lamp. And—that's all. The big dog's master didn't come down the steps again, ever; they didn't go away. There isn't any end to it; it ends in the stillness of sunlight moving across the wall, like a vision.

III

A Montana Lake

We didn't get any ducks, of course. So we went out on the lake, a tranquil, sleeping lake. At first the water repelled me; murkey green water filled with thousands and tens of thousands of the inch-long, hair-like projectiles of pine pollen. They were floating there, free and slender; they were clinging together in small round balls; they were massed into square, flat slabs; they were clotted into large slimy blotches where flies walked; they were forming a bottom only a foot in depth to that plumbless lake.

And then the water fascinated me. Where shadows fell there were deep black caves with walls of changing green; where a sunbeam hit it there were conical-shaped tubes shooting down, down and still down where the eye could not follow.

IV

He was a very large, very curly Airedale. I admired him—well, I may just as well admit the real underlying truth in the matter. He treated a duchess and a flower-girl just alike, and I admired him with a doglike devotion.

I can't account for having forgotten his name; let it stand as one of those convincingly life-like touches that can never quite be invented. He belonged to a Doctor Croft. Dr. Croft had his consulting-room in his house. I used to accompany my mother to the doctor's when she had a cold, and my sister when she had a cold, and my friends whenever they had colds; and almost always my Airedale was strolling somewhere past with a small boy attached to his collar.

He—the Airedale—would stand still while I patted him on the head. I mean, he was polite to me, even if I never really impinged on his consciousness. I always patted him on the head, nevertheless. You see, it was something like this. This thing I'd got hold of, this doglike devotion—I had no right to let his aloof politeness chill it out of me. There it was; I simply washed my hands of it. And I felt that I was somehow proving a point and upholding the structure of society by patting him on the head no matter how much it bored him. I should loathe shrugging my shoulders at things because I can't have them.

The Frontier Book Shelf

Ship's Log and Other Poems, by Grace Hazard Conkling. (Alfred A. Knopf, 1924.)

Acquaintance with **Ship's Log, and Other Poems,** Grace Hazard Conkling's latest volume of poems, does much to heighten one's pleasure over the prospect of her three weeks of association with Montana students during the coming summer session. She brings us a quiet, shifting beauty which is not native to our western lands, a rather musical delicacy that will seem foreign but no less beautiful here. Her musical training accounts, perhaps, for the delicacy and sweetness of her verse. It appears under such titles as "Diary Written on Peony Petals," "Silver Whippoorwill Dusk," "Cloisonne," titles which convey something of the fragility of her poems. The air in which her poetry dwells seems thin and delicate though occasionally she captures lines of warmth and color such as:

"The light is strange. The light is gold.
Something has happened to the light.
The lone gull is no longer white
But amber and warm ivory.
Something has happened to the sea."

Sometimes the attempt to secure wealth of color gives an uneven blur, rarely do we have evidence of a strongly lyric gift, but always do we have a live and healthy interest in the original person behind **Ship's Log,** and a real respect for her worthy and often charmingly delicate poetry.

E. D. F.

No More Parades. Ford Maddox Ford. (Albert and Charles Boni. 1925.)

"There will be no more parades," said Captain Tietjens, as he watched his sergeant-major clean from the dug-out floor the blood of the man who had died there. "There will be no more parades," says Mr. Hueffer—or Mr. Ford, as he has preferred to call himself since 1914; no more long files

of men marching in step down flag decked streets, bands playing, colors streaming, people cheering; no more plumes and no more show of glory; no more applause for deliberate deception; no more worship of illusion; no more sham of any kind. No more . . . . Yet, while he said it, Captain Tietjens was himself parading, parading a domestic felicity which was non-existent. And, while he says it, Mr. Hueffer is parading, not only as Ford, but also beneath a great show of typographical fol-de-rols, dots, dashes, unfinished sentences, impressionistic punctuation, near-literary clap trap. Yet Tietjens is too strong a man to deceive himself entirely, and at the last his parade breaks down. And in spite of Mr. Hueffer's parade, the book is too strong to be totally buried in affectation.

Mr. Hueffer has chronicled for us the mental processes of one man, a captain in the English army, during two grilling days and nights behind the front, but the impression is that of a panoramic view of the entire war. But the story is more than a war story; it is life. The war serves merely as a pedal for fortissimo. The reader gropes with Captain Tietjens for self-placement and self-realization, and finds with him that from compromise can come no peace.

But still there are parades.

N. B. B.

Democracy. Henry Adams (Henry Holt). This story was published anonymously in 1879. Only this year has its authorship been revealed. It is a story of political and social life in the national capital, which no man had better chance to know than Henry Adams. It is an excellent story, fraught with ominous prophecy for American life. The heroine is an intelligent woman, whose hand is being sought by the country's first senator, Ratliffe. "There is only one thing," she says, "in life that I must and will have before I die. I must know whether America is right or wrong. Just now the question is a very practical one, for I really want to know whether to believe in Mr. Ratcliffe. If I throw him overboard, everything must go, for he is only a specimen." Ratcliffe seemed a fair specimen, too, but he was thrown overboard.

E. L. F.

Christianity and Naturalism by Robert Shafer. (Yale University Press, 1926.) This is the most admirable book I ever read as a presentation of the discrimination between the world of science and the world including and in a sense dominating the world of science but very different from it, the world of religion. And though the author separates the world of nature and the human spirit too sharply, and though his implication that science ignores quality is too sweeping, no man or woman who has for long dwelt in a world of qualities and values, in a world of the immeasurable and the essential, could fail to recognize that Mr. Shafer's book has made a distinction of high importance, and one that is exceedingly hard to make. Mr. Shafer is thoroughly honest, and surpassingly fair. He knows the major findings of the sciences and is fully conscious of their significance. He has been affected in his ideas of religion by them. And he clings to no primitive guesses, or unsound systems of theology. But being altogether committed to avoidance of every sort of self deception, he finds himself unwaveringly sure of reality that transcends the nature we can measure and explain.

All this he does in a scholarly and acute series of essays setting forth with much quotation the philosophical positions of representative thinkers of the nineteenth century, Coleridge, Newman, Huxley, Arnold, Hardy, and Samuel Butler. There is an introductory essay brilliantly summarizing the trend of thought in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and a strong concluding essay on "Christianity and Naturalism." Men who think science is supplanting religion can hardly claim a mind that is closed to no representative experience unless they at some time come fully to grips with the main idea of such a book as this, as presented by so strong and fair and truthful a man as Mr. Robert Shafer.

S. H. C.

Two recent books that appeal to those to whom "London" spells literature, history, romance are Sidney Dark's **London**, illustrated by Joseph Pennell (MacMillan, 1925); and H. M. Tomlison's **London River** (Knopf, reprint 1925). The first, written as a text for Pennell's alluring black and

white sketches, is a chatty, companionable book filled with gossip of literary men past and present, tiny historical sketches, and amusing incidents from fact and fiction that cling to various buildings or to different quarters of the city. Perhaps to the orderly minded historian such an accumulation of details from the ages would prove distressing. To the average reader, however, who has, either in fact or in fancy, roamed through Hyde Park, loitered along the Embankment, or pushed his way through Piccadilly Circus—charmed by the presiding Cupid—the book becomes a delightful companion. Across its pages, as we journey from point to point in the city, Queen Elizabeth, Wilkie Collins, Ramsay MacDonald, Goldsmith, Mr. Shaw, Chaucer, Thomas Burke, Lord Curzon, Nell Gwynne, and Mr. Pickwick, with hosts of others who have lived, and loved and hated and left epigrams behind them in this smoke-blackened city, jostle each other without regard to time or wordly position. The book has charm, for it brings before one intimately the great past of a great city and the great past and present of a great race.

London River by H. M. Tomlison is, in words of the *London Times*, "a book of prose written with the pen of a poet; a book to be read as a work of art . . . . slowly with delight". It contains eleven sketches of that mysterious and powerful influence—the river—that has made London what it is. Here we see, drawn in loving detail, the foreshore of London where the Thames becomes a road, a means of business, a demanding master. We walk strange streets—Limehouse, Blackwells, Wapping. We enter strange eating houses and feed with strange sea-going folk, so helplessly pathetic when hungry, so disreputably confident when fed. We sail upon vessels uninterested in the comfort of men, boats bent upon doing the world's business. There is beauty, delicacy, strength in Mr. Tomlison's style, a style that makes one linger over every page. Though he deals with the territory of Limehouse, the acknowledged province of Mr. Burke, we find here no attempt to trap us into emotional intensity or into horrified fascination; here is beauty, truth, restraint.

L. B. M.

Thunder on the Left by Christopher Morley. (Doubleday Page and Co.) This short novel is very playful and very serious. It is egregiously fantastic and emphatically true. It is sad and funny. It is ironical and it acknowledges a great preponderance of futility; yet it encourages. It is disillusioned and hopeful. And it is full of ugly facts and charm. It conceals no horrors, and yet it abounds in loveliness and health. Any virginal editor of fifty-five could read it unsullied, and yet it would be delighted in by many a sophisticated flapper of fifteen. It is mixed like that. It is like life as a cultivated religious man sees life.

S. H. C.

Dark Laughter by Sherwood Anderson. (Boni and Liveright, 1925.) That American prose can communicate directly from the subtle intuitions of an author to the inner sensitiveness of a reader is illustrated in this novel as it has hardly been done before. Without needing to share the tentative attitude of the author in some matters the reader can have a realization of the mystery and challenge of living from this book. And for those who hold to a faith in the possibility of character triumphing over the mechanizing forces of this world the figure of Sponge-Martin—the wheel-painter who loved his craft and sent employers to the deuce rather than scamp his work, will be encouragement.

S. H. C.

Notes About Contributors

E. E. Erickson, '23, is teaching at the University of Maryland and working for a Ph.D. degree.

Doris Rowse, '26; Marjorie Billing, '28, and Alex McIver, Jr., '27, are majors in the English department. H. D. Ramsey, '26, is an economics major.

Grace D. Baldwin, '22, is working for her master's degree in English.

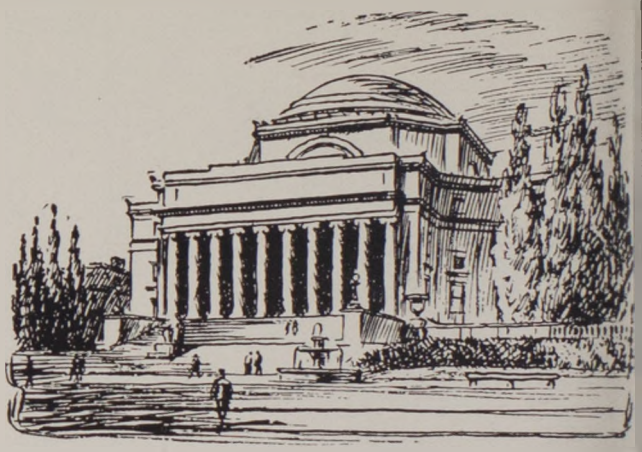
Dorothy Mueller is a graduate student doing special work.

Inza McDowell, winner of the Montana interscholastic essay contest, is a pupil in the Hardin high school. Rachael Jordan, '23, is the English teacher there.

These are the contributors to the Sluice Box: Dorothy Mueller, Doris Rowse and H. D. Ramsey.

"You do not know the world until you know the men who have possessed it and tried its ways before ever you were given your brief run upon it."

Woodrow Wilson



A drawing of the Library at Columbia University, done by Walter Jack Duncan for "Powder of Sympathy," by Christopher Morley.

Here is a list of 20 vivid biographies, ranging in price from $1.00 to $5.00. Check those you have not read, and take the list to your bookseller . . . and you will realize once and forever that the life of a great man makes the most fascinating reading of all.

THE LIFE OF PASTEUR, by D. Vallery-Radot.
The story of a great scientist and great patriot. $3.00

THROUGH THIRTY YEARS, by Henry Wickham Steed.
European diplomacy from the inside. $4.00

THE STORY OF A VARIED LIFE, an Autobiography by W. S. Rainsford.
Memories of a great clergyman. $2.50

MR. ARCHER, U. S. A., as Told to R. H. Platt, Jr.
The true history of an American soldier of fortune. $2.00

THE LITTLE CHRONICLE OF MAGDALENA BACH, by Esther Meynell.
A sympathetic story of a great musician. $2.00

THE ROMANTIC '90s, by Richard Le Gallienne.
Fascinating reminiscences of a brilliant literary circle. $2.50

RECOLLECTIONS & LETTERS OF GENERAL LEE, by R. E. Lee.
The life of a great American, told by his son. $5.00

EDWARD LIVINGSTON TRUDEAU, M. D., An Autobiograghy.
The life story of a pioneer in tuberculosis treatment. $4.00

O. HENRY BIOGRAPHY, by C. Alphonso Smith.
O. Henry's life was as romantic as any of his stories. $2.00

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF WALTER H. PAGE, by Burton J. Hendrick.
The greatest biography of our generation. (1 vol. edition.) $5.00

WILLIAM CRAWFORD GORGAS: HIS LIFE & WORK, by Burton J. Hendrick and Marie D. Gorgas.
He made the Canal Zone fit to live in. $5.00

MY LIFE AND WORK, by Henry Ford, in collaboration with Samuel Crowther.
The story of an industrial genius. $2.00

CLEOPATRA, THE ETERNAL FEMININE, by Claude Ferval.
New light on the life of one of the world's great sirens. $2.50

McLOUGHLIN AND OLD OREGON—A CHRONICLE, by Eva Emery Dye.
A pioneer who made a state. $2.00

PERSONALITIES AND REMINISCENCES OF THE WAR, by Major-General Robert Lee Bullard.
What *really* happened in France, told by a man who knows. $5.00

SIX PRISONS & TWO REVOLUTIONS, by Oliver Baldwin.
Premier Baldwin's son writes vividly and bitterly of oppression in the Near East. $3.00

WOODROW WILSON MEMORIAL ADDRESS, by Dr. Edwin Anderson Alderman. $1.00

THE LETTERS OF ARCHIE BUTT, by Lawrence F. Abbott.
Theodore Roosevelt, seen through the eyes of his aide. $2.50

MY BOYHOOD, by John Burroughs.
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